

JERU THE DAMAJA – BLACK COWBOY LYRICS

verse 1

i heard some mc's wanna bring it
but a female is one of their strongest men
when i step to you don't seek refuge
make it happen f-ck the rappin'
because i know i got that sewed
the first time i ever touched the microphone it glowed
now i explode eruptin' like a n-gg- that drunk too much
but not intoxicated...
as mental stress increase you'll need to be sedated
sick and tired of the izm schism
this time's a warning, after this we take it to pugilism
mash out the beedies, dreads spark up the corn
i flow muddy like the gutter after the rainstorm
my mission to seek, build or destroy
like deadwood d-ck, i be the black cowboy
and this is the showdown...

chorus

[primo scratching]

"i got the wild style..." / "black cowboy"

verse 2

after this mc's will wish to do battle with me
for their sake i hope that they apply the proper strategy
in any case, worst comes to worst i'll be the best
storms will come, this we know for sure, but can you stand the crash test?
there's no vest or no way you can get suited up
for what's about to happen, you might as well get zooted
i heard that ignorance is bliss, so i guess you're all blistered
the wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto your cap is quickly twisted
and just in case the first time you missed it
the wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto your cap is quickly twisted
livin' on a diet of flesh and mystic
i kicks the ballistics and keep it realistic
we shoot sh-t up like the hatfields and mccoys
perverted monks, the black cowboys
and this is the showdown...

repeat chorus

verse 3

it's a cryin' shame what some n-gg-s'll do for fame
when they think they know the game
but i switch up the rules of the game
drops jewels in the game
the fluid is quite fatal, like water on the brain
i be the sheriff and i got mc's on the chain gang
continuous hard labour until the day that they hang
one outlaw tried to escape but i murdered his gang
right back at ya b-tch-ss just like a boomerang
or a bolo, you couldn't knock me out with apollo
the god is never chillin', hot like a volcano
once i met up with this bandolero
why'd he make me bust him in his head with his banjo?
i put mc's on the ceiling like michelangelo
did the sixteenth [sistine] chapel
known to kick and grapple, so you couldn't test the real mccoys
the black cowboys
and this is the showdown...

repeat chorus